MAYFAIR
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
Vol. 11 No. 6
50p
BRITAIN'S TOP-SELLING MAGAZINE FOR MEN
SUPER SUMMER SPECIAL
132 PAGES-NINE GREAT GIRLS
THE GOVERNESS UNGOWNS: AN EDWARDIAN REMINISCENCE/STEAM SUBMARINES/CARRIE
CLASSIC MOTORING STORIES/QUEST: MEN AND THEIR MEASUREMENTS/OLD TRAINS OF INDIA
AUSTRIA 40 SCH BELGIUM 63 FRS DENMARK 12 KR FINLAND 6·50 FM FRANCE 9 NF GERMANY 6·50 DM GREECE DRH 100 HOLLAND 5·90 FL
HONG KONG HK 10 ITALY 1500 L NORWAY 10·75 KR SWEDEN 8 KR SWITZERLAND 6·50 FRS CANADA $1·75 U.S.A. $1·50

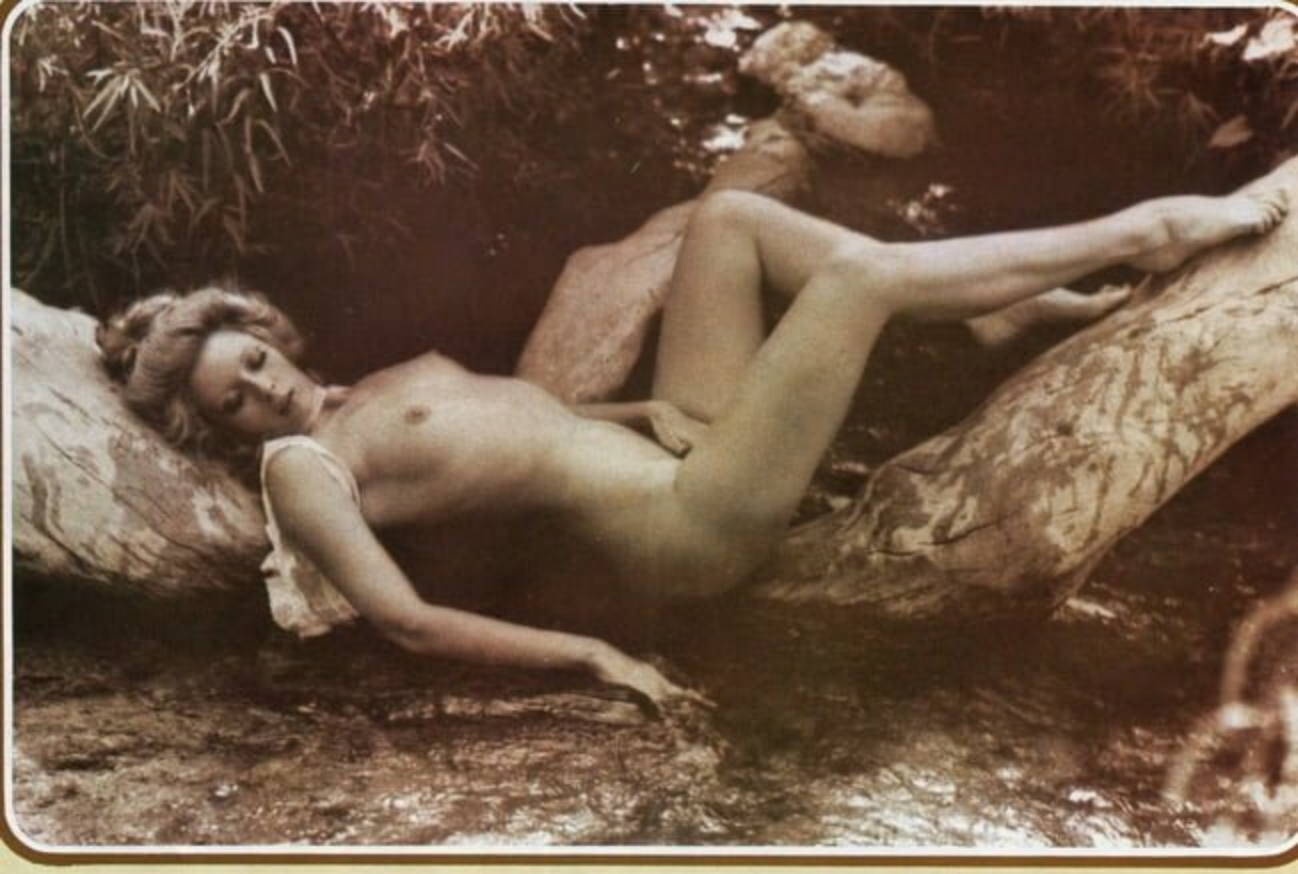
Has she heard me..?

'See you in your study, Willy'

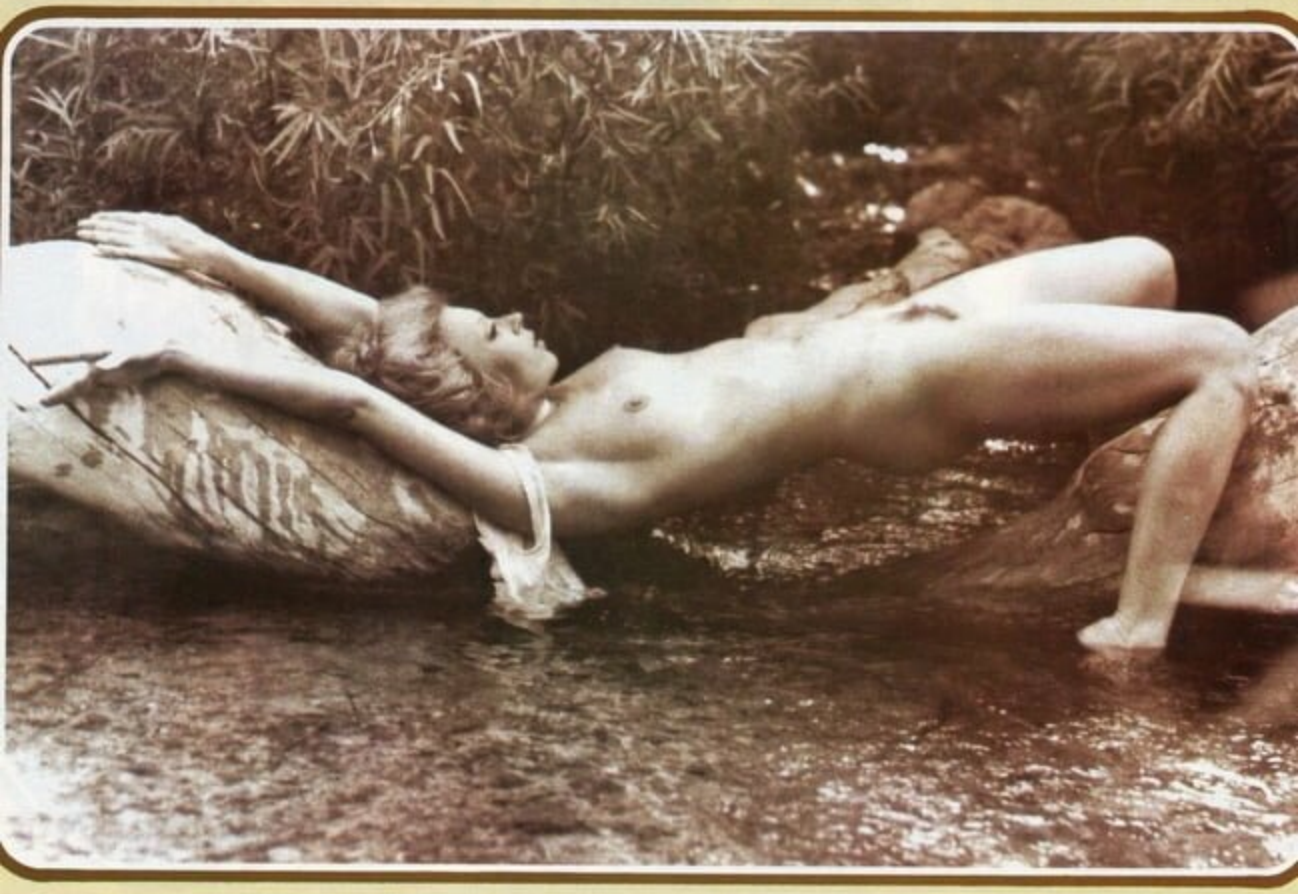
I am undone!

Adorable Annabelle!

O bliss!

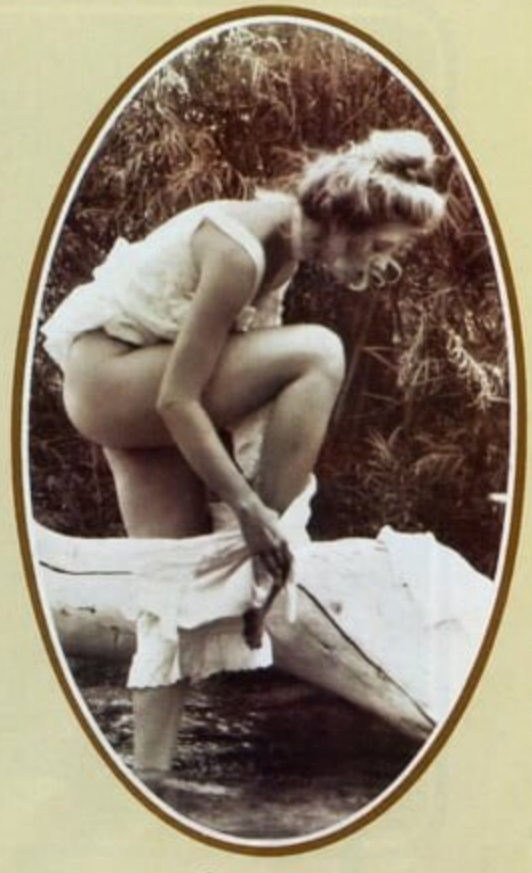


Can this be my prim chastiser..?

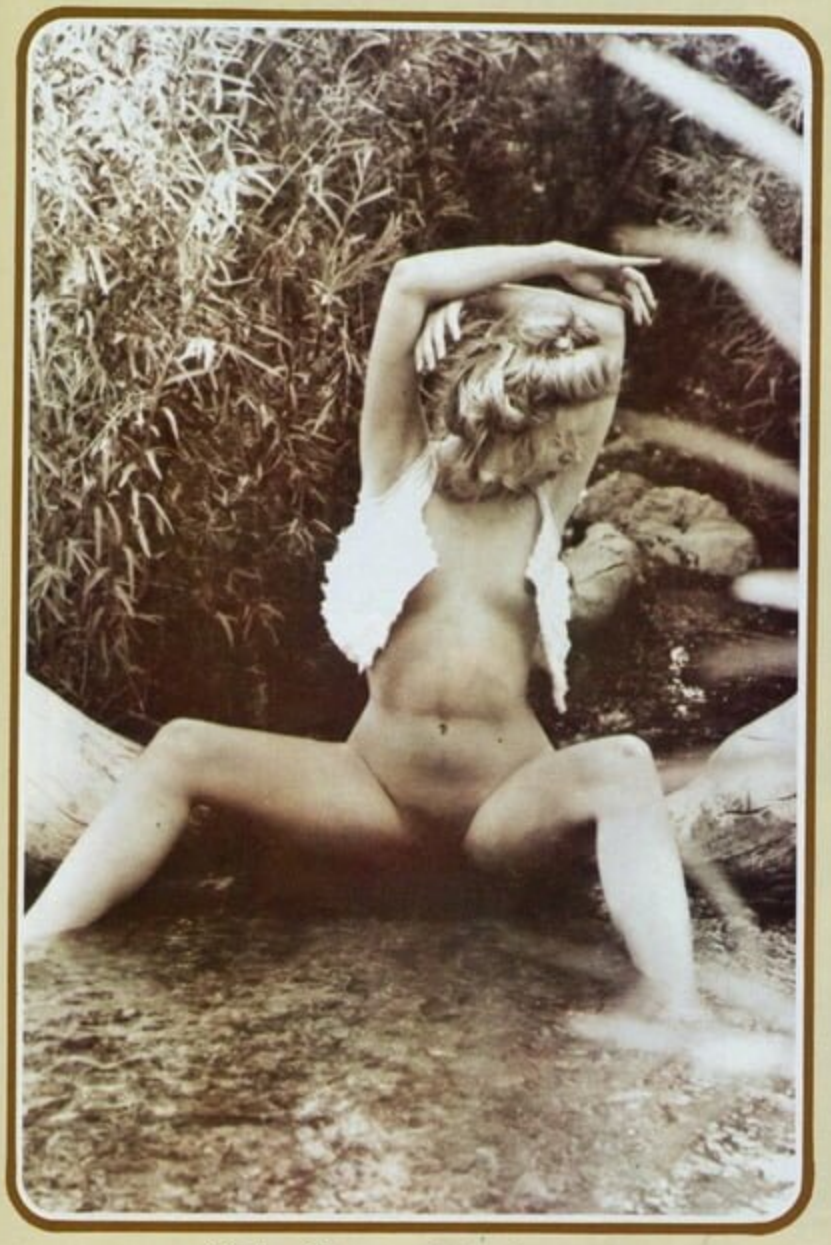


Provocatively nue!

Is she awaiting a lover?



Surely not..



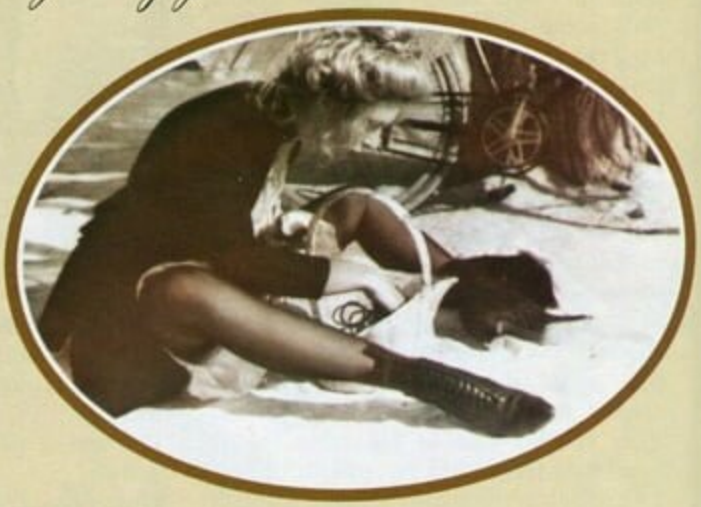
That Venus-like form..

Disrobing?

Miss Annabelle Undresses

In that balmy Edwardian period a girl's elegance and staidness could make her total nudity all the more exciting. R. Scott Hooper recreates a memorable encounter

Miss Annabelle Pringle, my governess..



..Visits every Sunday afternoon a private place

Where I have cunningly secreted my twin lens Montauk

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A world renowned classical violinist of 65 took as his bride a young hippy who dabbled in poetry. For their honeymoon he took her to the Bahamas on a banana boat and as it was off season they were invited to dine at the Captain's table. After a few nights the Captain began thinking randy thoughts of the violinist's beautiful wife and dreamed about getting her alone in his cabin for an hour or so.
One night after dinner the Captain became very generous with the Napoleon brandy and the three of them became rather intoxicated and with so much Dutch courage under his belt the Captain propositioned the young woman in front of her husband who, in turn, protested that his wife was virtuous and would never be unfaithful to him.
After a few more drinks the Captain, well under the weather, bet his ship against the violinist's Stradivarius that if he got his wife to his cabin for an hour that she would be unfaithful.
Later that evening the wife went to the Captain's cabin and the old man paced up and down outside the door, biting his nails, and worrying because he could hear no sounds from within. Finally, he went to the keyhole and shouted:
'Be true my love, be true my love,
Be true for just one hour,
Cross your legs your husband begs
And then this ship is ours.'
A few seconds later she replied:
'Too late my love, too late my love,
He's got me round the middle,
I'm on the floor, he's locked the door
Uuugh, Uuuugh. There goes your fiddle.'

One morning the Mother Superior of a convent containing one hundred nuns called them before her and in serious tone announced that a man had broken into a nun's room the night before. On hearing the news, 99 of the nuns went 'oooh' while one went 'he, he, he.' The Reverend Mother continued in sombre fashion: 'And this man used a contraceptive device.' Again, 99 of the gathered nuns went 'ooh' and one went 'he, he, he.'
'However,' continued the Mother Superior, 'this device had a hole in it.' And 99 nuns went 'he, he, he,' and one went 'oooh.'

A young man who was obviously in agony waddled into his doctor's surgery.
'What's wrong with you?' enquired the doctor.
'I've got a cricket ball lodged in my rectum.'
'How's that?' pursued the doctor.
'Now don't you start.'

A highland cowhand came south to the lakes for his holiday and while there met a delectable young lady who seemed to fall for his honest, unsophisticated manners.
One afternoon they went rowing, and after a time the young girl asked if she could have a turn at the oars. With much swaying and balancing they managed to exchange seats and the girl picked up the oars. On her first stroke she missed the water and tumbled backwards, legs flaying.
As it was a very hot day, she was not wearing knickers and as she pulled herself together and resumed her seat she simpered: 'Well, did you ever see anything like that?'
'Aye,' replied the cowhand, 'on a coo.'

A British naval officer who had just taken up his post at the British Embassy in Washington and was finding himself at a loose end at night was given the address of a local call-girl.
'How much?' he enquired of her.
'Fifty bucks' was her cold reply.
'Well, I'll be blowed!' exclaimed the young officer.
'That'll be ten bucks extra.'

Toby was the pub dog. He'd been the pub dog for many years and when he died the landlord decided to commemorate him by mounting his tail over the bar.
But when Toby went to the great doggy world in the sky he was refused admittance because he had no tail. He'd have to go back and get it, he was told. So the ghostly Toby scratched on the pub door at midnight.
'Hello, Toby,' the landlord greeted him.
'I've come for my tail,' Toby said.
'Oh I'm sorry, Toby, you'll have to come back tomorrow for that.'
'But why?' Toby pleaded.
'Now you know the licensing laws as well as anybody, Toby,' chided the landlord, 'we don't want to be caught retailing spirits after hours, do we?'

A young man was much smitten with a well stacked young lady. In spite of her curves she always gave the impression of being little-girlish as she wore young clothes and spoke with a lisp.
The young man's elder brother told him to try his luck as he'd heard that she really knew what it was about.
The young man invited her out the following Saturday.
After picking her up he drove to a leafy spot, parked the car and they went for a walk in the woods. When they came to a particularly secluded spot they stopped and began kissing. This continued for some time until the young man decided to try more. He unzipped his fly and placed the girl's hand on his weapon.
She felt it all round and then remarked: 'Ithn't it funny, uth both having afflictionth ... me with my lithp and you with no nail on your thumb.'

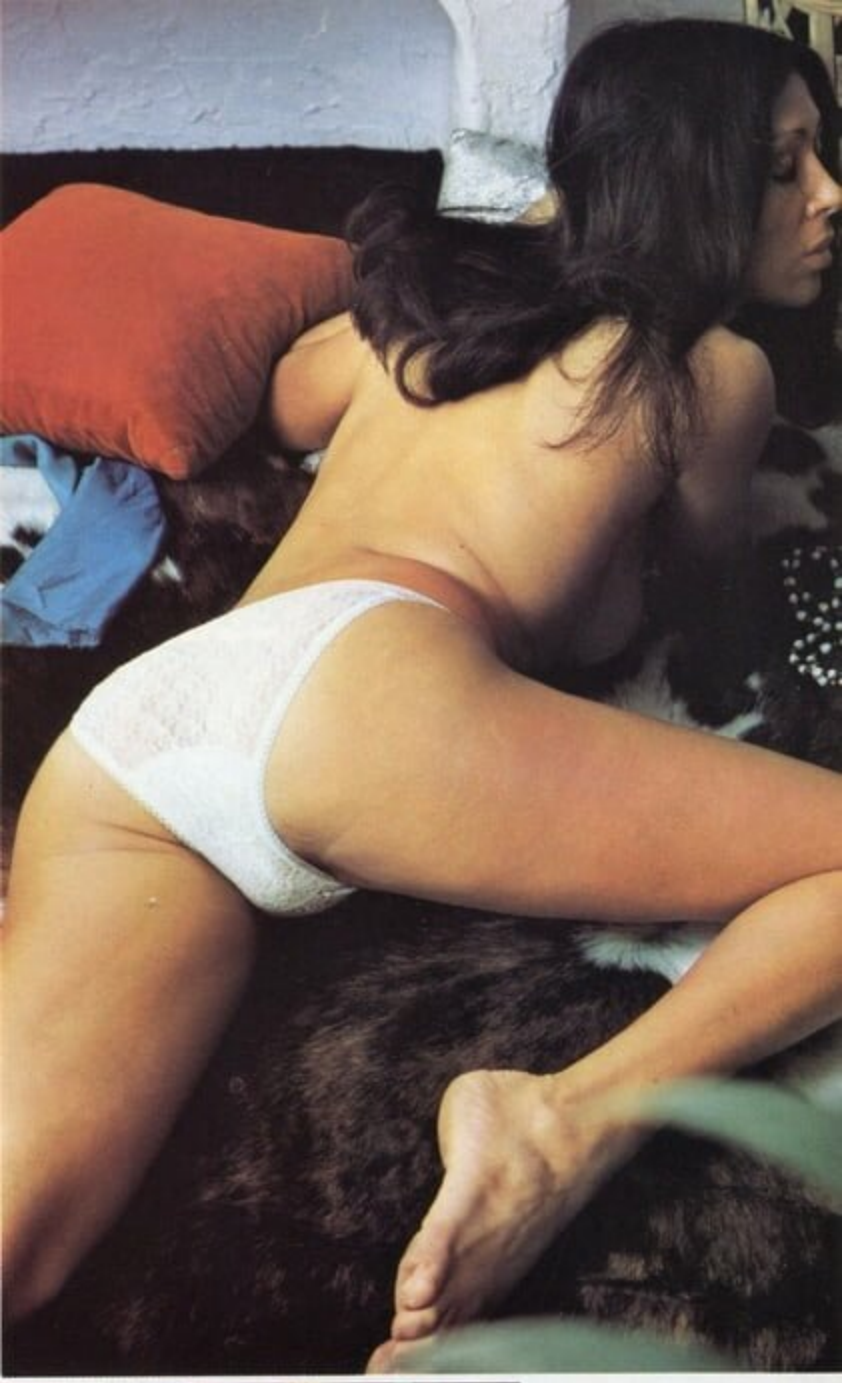
There was a young man named McNamiter
With a tool of prodigious diameter.
But it wasn't the size
Gave the girls a surprise,
But his rhythm – iambic pentameter.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

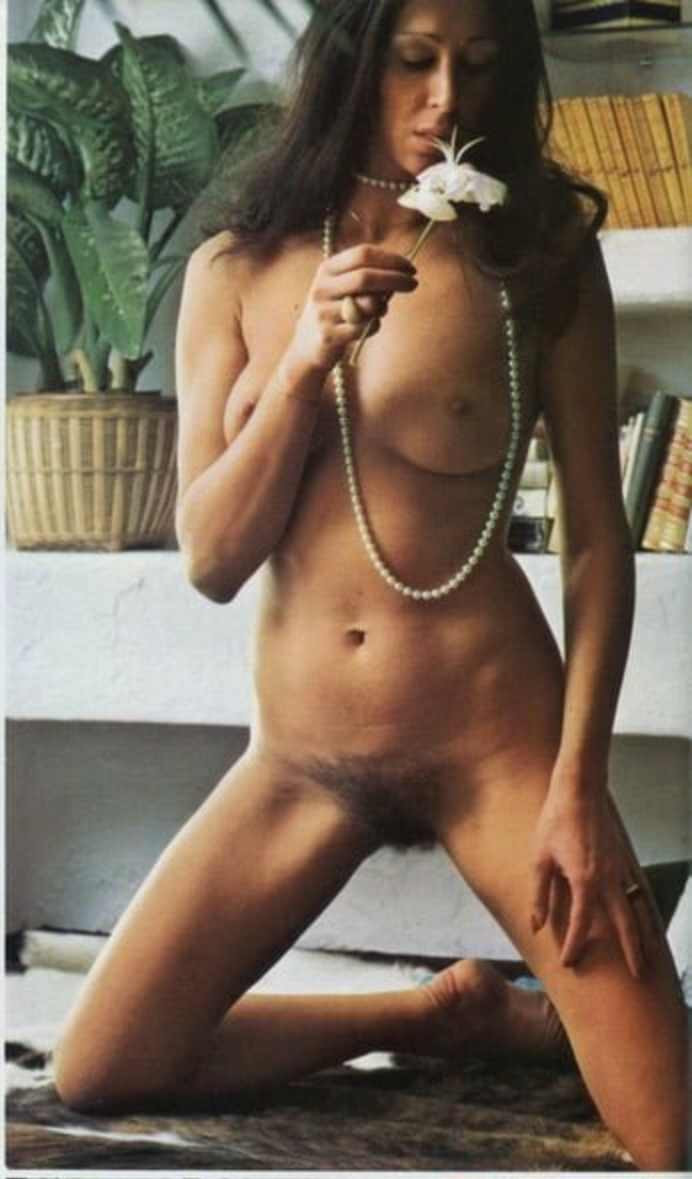
KATHARINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

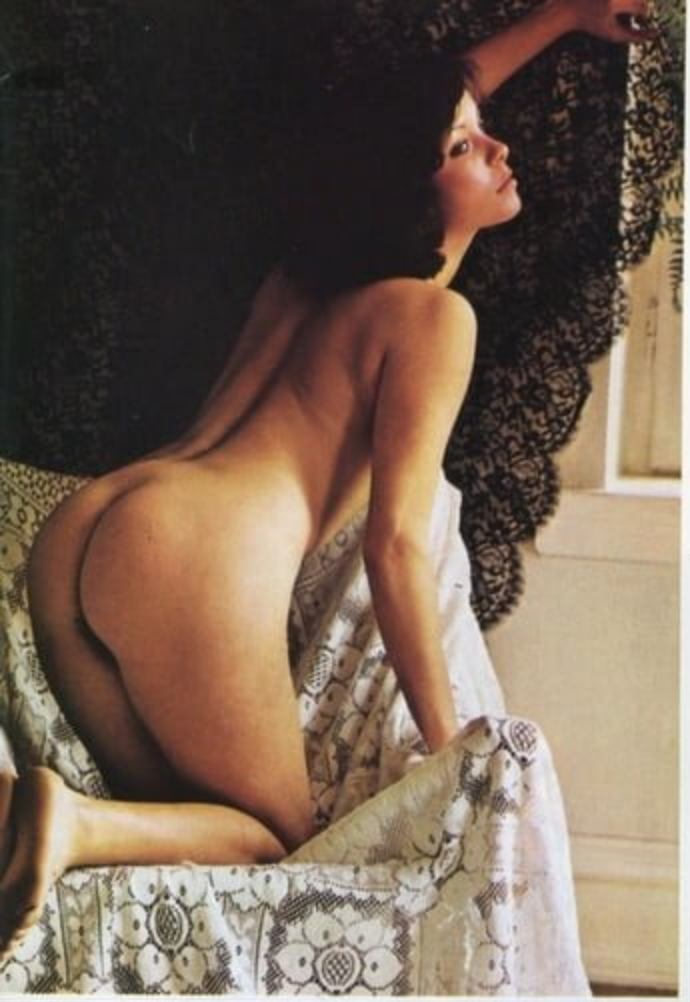
Dark, sultry and sensuous, 24-year-old Katharine Lanoch peels off a white, skinny-fit vest baring pert-nippled breasts and a 5 feet 3 inch, 35–23–35 figure. 'That's better,' she declares, 'I always feel more comfortable without clothes; they're terribly restrictive. That's why I love summer so much – I can get away with wearing the minimum possible. A skirt and a top. Nothing silly like tights or bras or knickers. Even in winter I don't much like piling layers of clothes on. I once went shopping in Oxford Street for a bet wearing only stockings, a fur coat and a pair of boots. It made me feel terrifically randy – I was in a high old state when I got home. I'd recommend the experience to any girl – it's a real turn-on. The thought of being all nude and *available*. I didn't actually flash at anyone, though I was slightly tempted. I just contented myself with sort of accidentally-on-purpose bumping into a couple of rather good-looking young men and seeing their reactions. I'm sure one of them twigged, because he turned round and bumped into



me! And he made sure that he got a good feel of my boobs too. I don't know which of us enjoyed the experience more!' Katharine originally hails from Crewe, but is currently living in a flat in London's Maida Vale. 'Only temporarily though,' she insists. 'I'm half-way through a six month refresher course at a technical college and as soon as that's finished, I'm back up North. I work in a textile laboratory testing new fibres and so on. It may not sound it, but it is quite interesting. 'Specially as I rarely wear much under my white lab coat!'



MERCY



Superbirds are always worth a re-visit and few girls seem worthier of that appellation than 36–24–36 inch Mercy Nilsson whose nude debut in our last 132-page summer special issue has never quite been forgotten by readers. First sighted in a Manchester discotheque, on a flying visit to English friends, Mercy's blend of stunning Swedish beauty and teasing friendliness provoked the kind of memories that are hard to shake off. When she dropped in on us during a recent London holiday, the opportunity for an action replay seemed too good to miss. Twenty now, Mercy's personality shows little

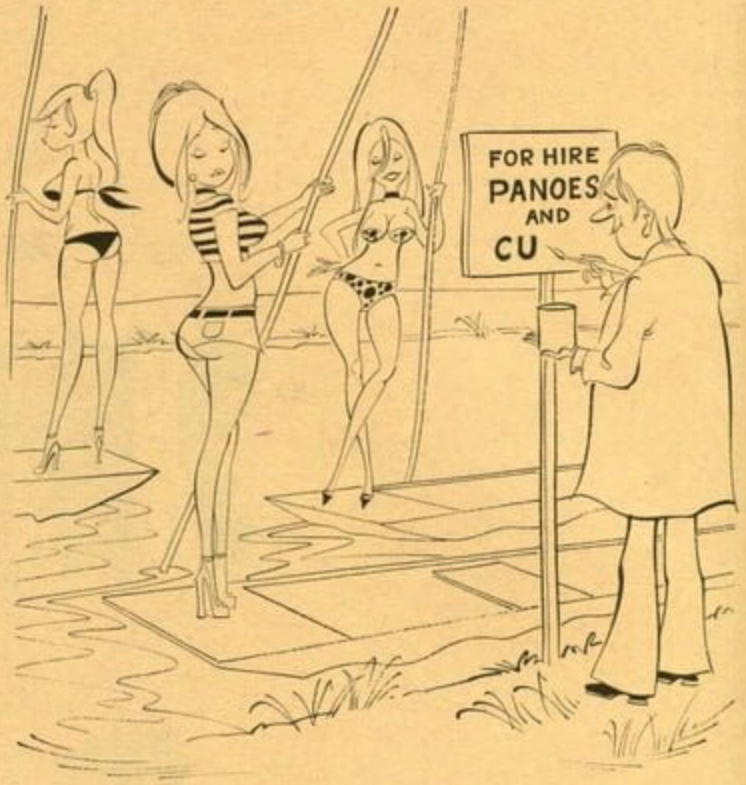
change from the time she described one of her greatest joys as disco dancing in the nude. 'The club I went to has closed,' she tells us, 'but I still dance at home – I have a beautiful centrally heated flat close to the centre of Malmo – and I rarely wear clothes at home. Clothes are so boring – unless it's very, very cold.' When not on modelling assignments abroad Mercy divides her time between Malmo and Copenhagen, barely half an hour away by hydrofoil across the grey waters of the Oresund. 'It's a very beautiful city and I have a lot of friends there. They also have marvellous saunas – very different from the Swedish ones.' Where Mercy can spend even more time in the nude? 'I do wear clothes occasionally,' she laughs. 'But very few of my boyfriends insist that I should.'

'He certainly deserves to be vice-chancellor.'

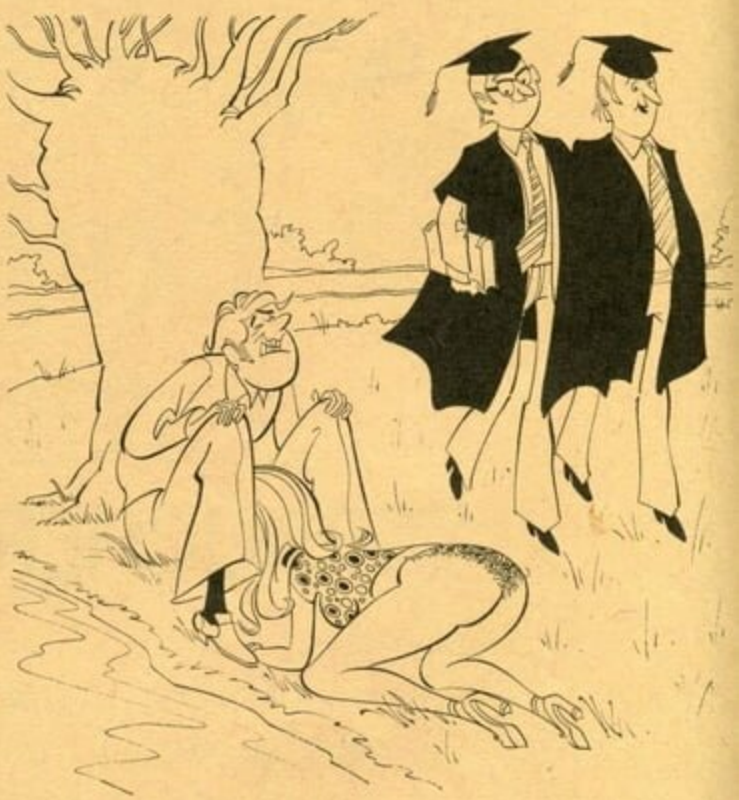
DEBAUCHERY BY DEGREES

University campuses, we understand, offer more than social intercourse. Paul White suggests some extra-curricular carry-ons

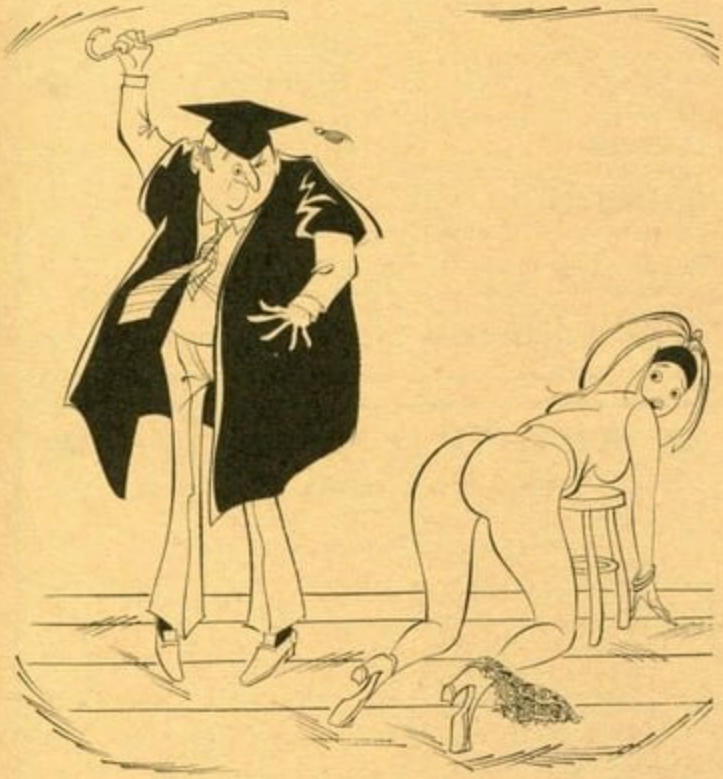
'Gosh sir, I didn't know you were a master of those arts too!'



'I like it best when you're the undergraduate.'

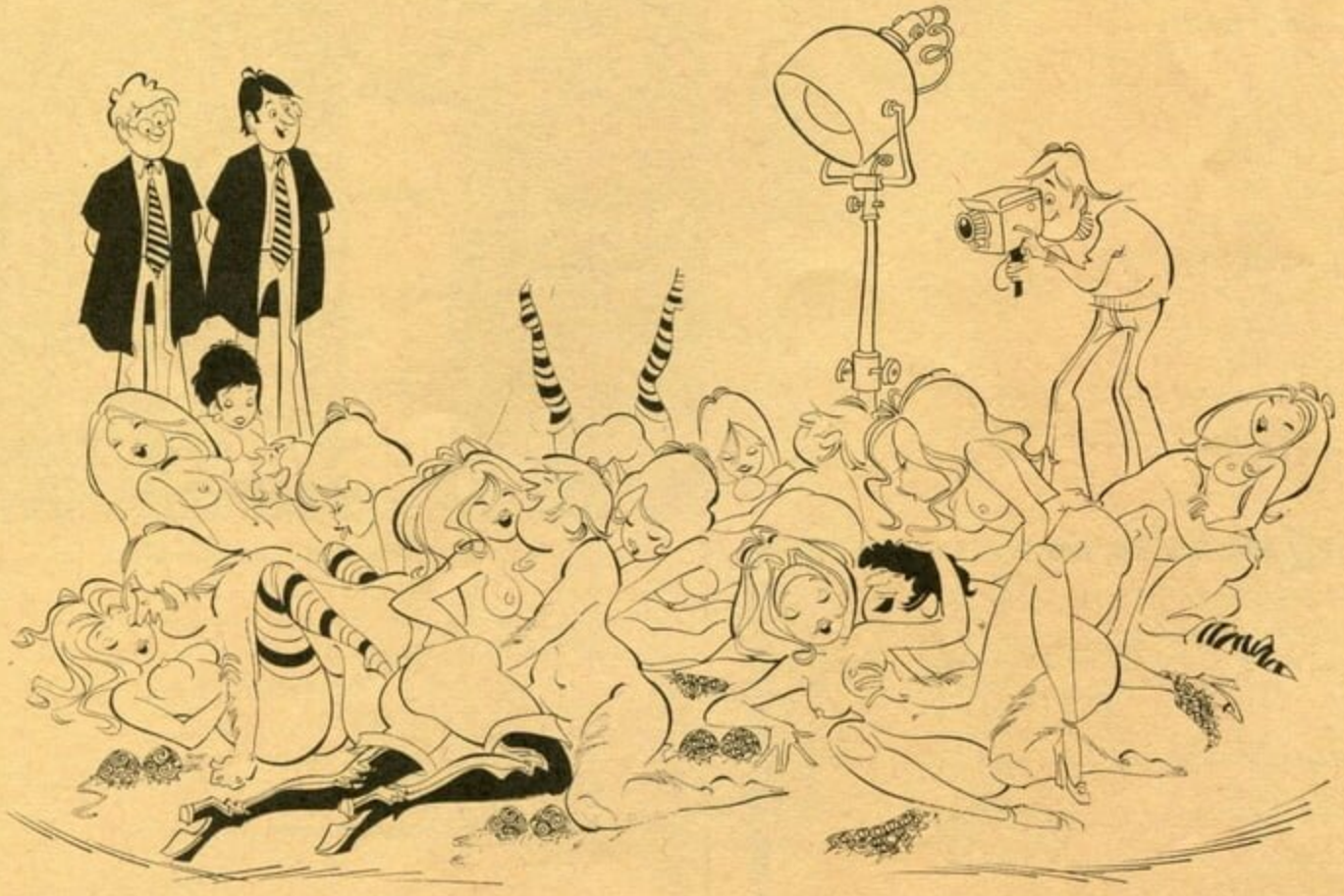


'Yes, they call her the head of the river.'



'I see what you mean about giving me bottom marks.'

'My dear, I may have to send you down – about six inches!'

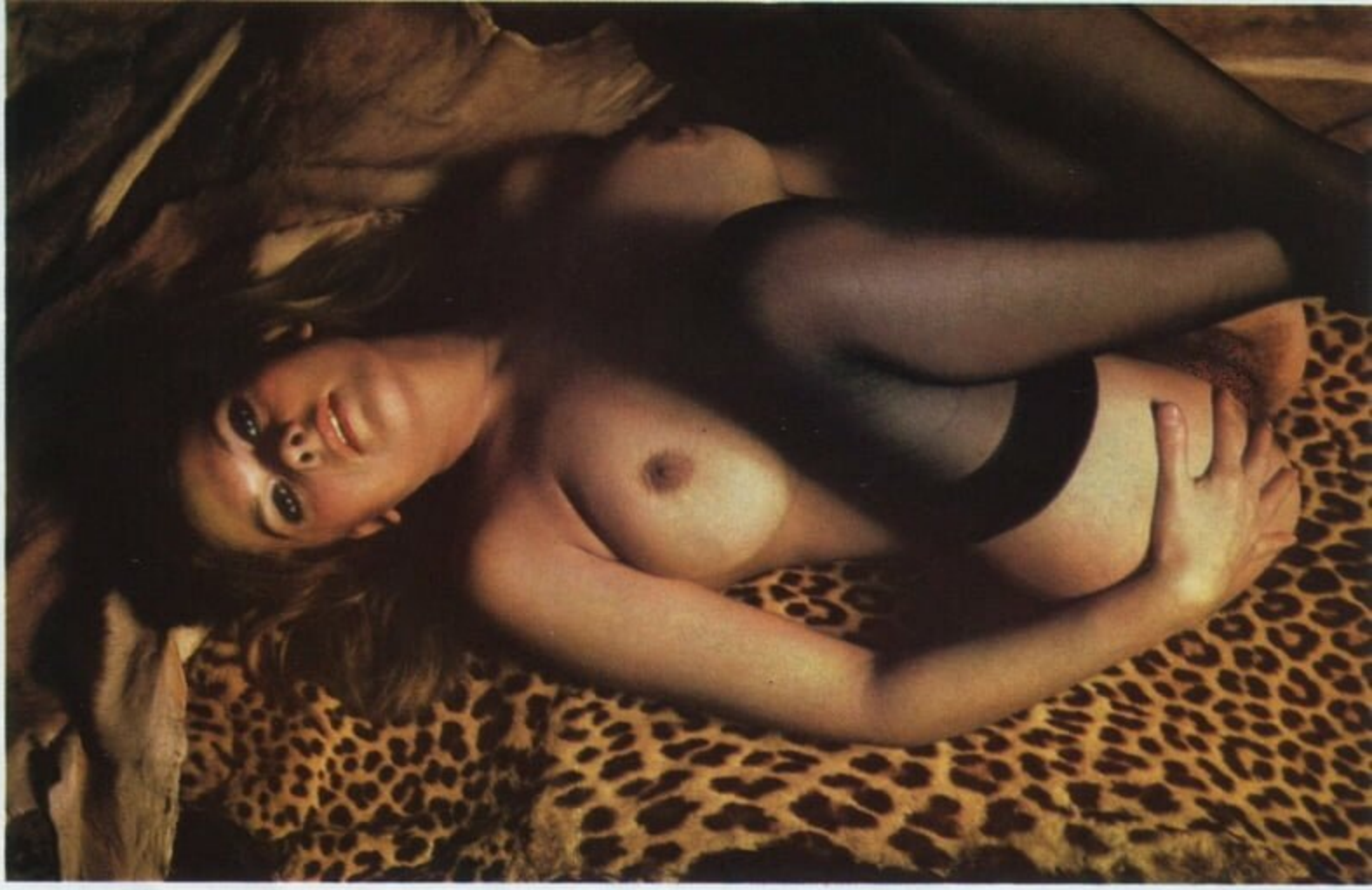


'Johnson got his blue – for film making.'

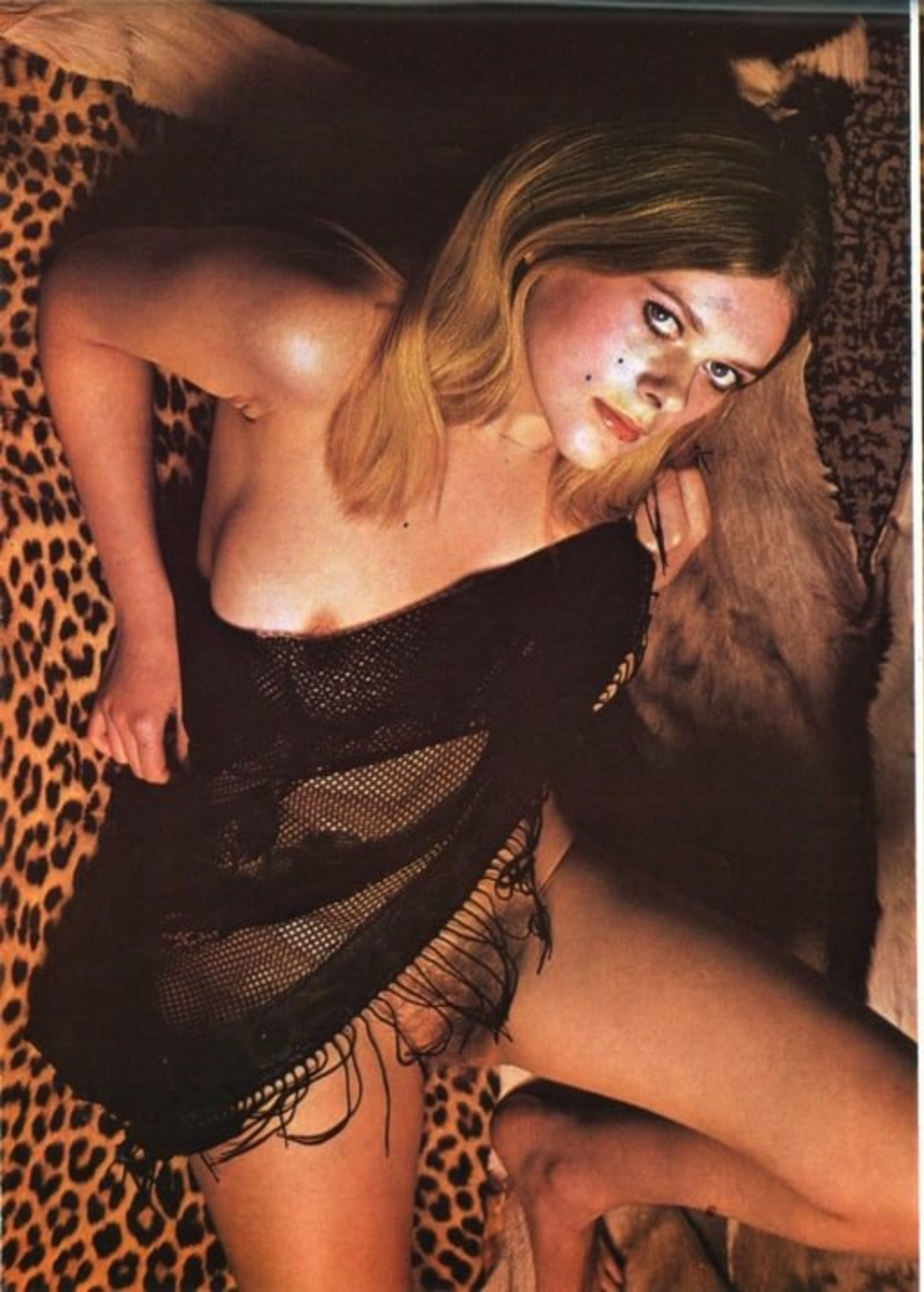
PAM

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN BRISTOW

Have you ever found yourself making an overnight stop in a hotel and fancying like mad that statuesque chambermaid who came into your room to turn down the bedclothes? If business – or pleasure – had ever taken you down to Thatcher's Hotel in East Horsley, Surrey, until recently you might have had the pleasurable experience of having your bedclothes turned down by 19-year-old Pam Covey. 'Believe it or not,' remembers Pam, 'nobody ever made a pass at me.' Something that's hard to believe. Pam began work

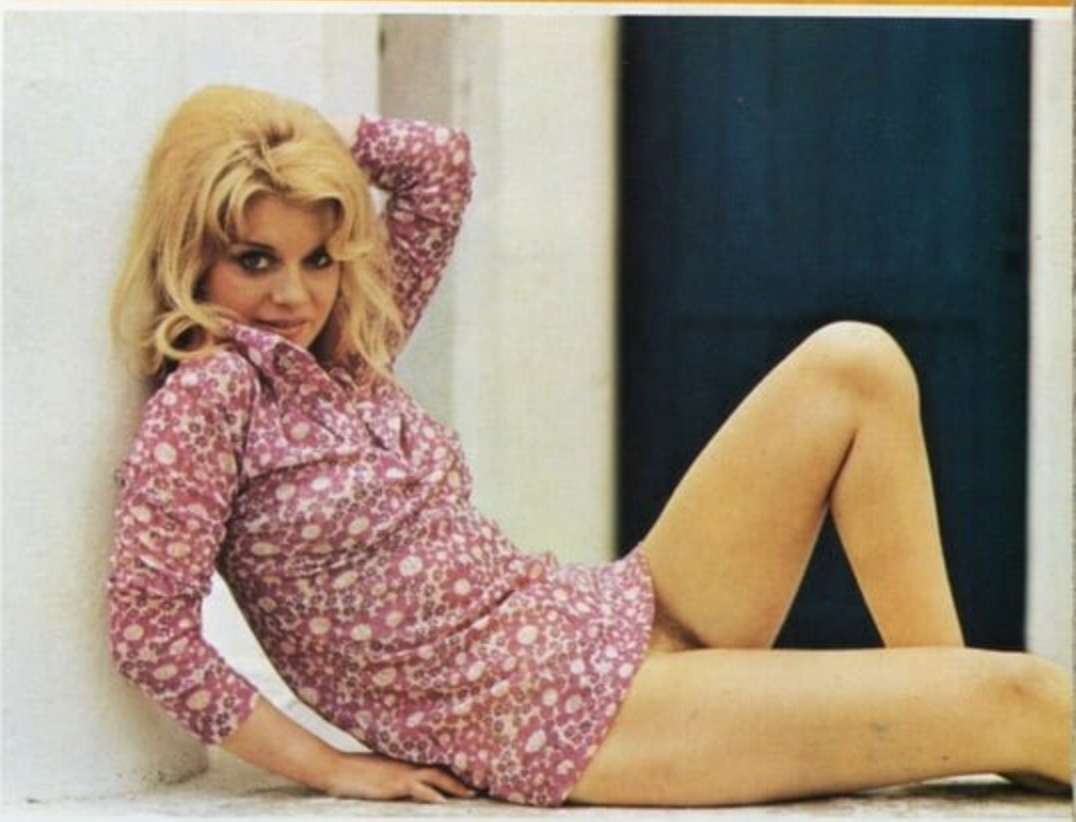


at Thatcher's Hotel at the age of 17 after leaving Rowsebery Girls Grammar School with a highly respectable total of six O-levels. After hotel work, she then worked in the Home Supplies hardware store, also in East Horsley. 'I do like working and living in the area,' maintains 37DD–25–35, 5 feet 4 inch Pam. 'Actually, it's quite a randy place. I've heard stories of a witches coven on Effingham Common, you know, prancing around in the nude and all that when there's a full-moon. And there are quite a few sexy parties too – but not that I'd know about from first-hand experience,' she adds with a giggle. 'No, I'm quite happy having a quiet drink in my local – *The Duke of Wellington* – or having a meal in *The Tudor Rose*. They're nice places, you should drop in when you're next in the area.' Away from hotels and hardware stores, Pam is a great camping fan. 'I know it may sound a bit Girl Guide-ish and silly, but I really do get a kick out of camping. It's a good, cheap way to spend a holiday – far from the madding crowd and all that. And', smiles Pam, 'a tent can be very cosy especially I'm told if you've only got one sleeping bag! Only trouble is that in a tent you never really have much cause to get dressed up. Well, you'd look a bit odd, wouldn't you, all dressed to the nines in front of a camp fire. And I do like dressing up. I show-off a bit, I must admit, to make best advantage of my, ah, assets. They're a girl's best friend!'

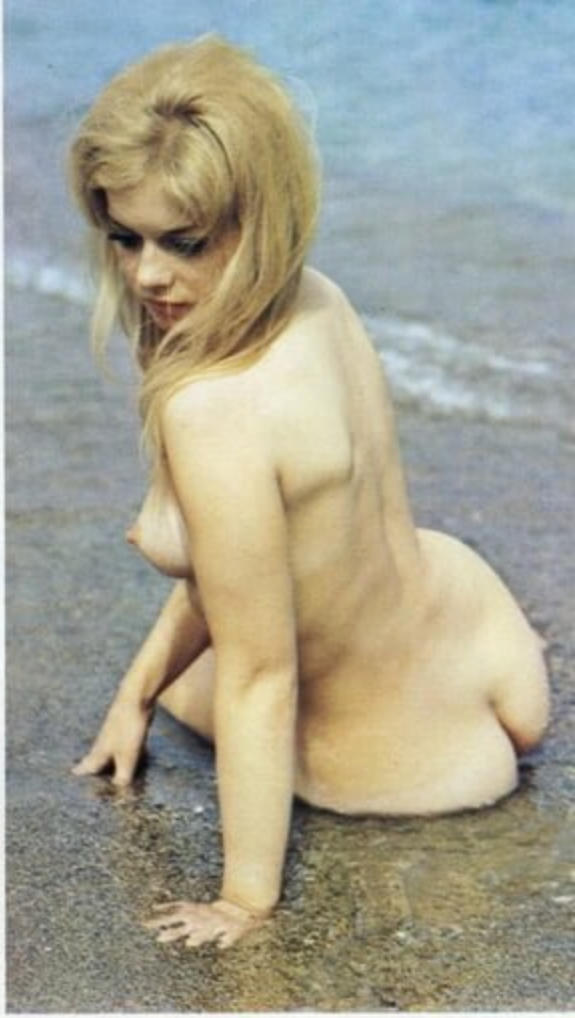


LISBETH

Speakers Corner at London's Marble Arch on a Sunday afternoon is a melting pot of argument, comment and debate. Lisbeth Lundin was riveted by one particularly acrimonious discussion and watched the proceedings with a grin. 'I don't have a clue what they're all getting so het-up about,' said our blonde, 19-year-old, 'but it's fun listening



to them. Less intense members of the crowd were rather more interested by Lisbeth's 5 feet 3 inch, 34–22–34, which was ill-concealed by a skimpy purple-and-white floral dress and white cotton knickers. A hand playfully tweaked her bottom. Lisbeth squeaked with surprise. 'I thought they only did that in Italy. If I'd known I was going to get pinched, I'd have worn my old navy-blue school knickers – they're thicker; good as winter warmers, but too hot for the summer and they're real passion-killers too!'



PARKS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

'Parks?' we queried when a blue-eyed blonde announced her arrival at our offices. Surely one of the oddest nicknames we've heard. Could her surname be Battersea? Is she England's first 36–23–36 inch tree surgeon? Or might she show a peculiar disregard for this country's road traffic laws? Nothing so outrageous. Eighteen-year-old Anthea Parks-Evans simply cannot stand her first name – especially after being 'ragged horribly' by classmates at the Yorkshire grammar school she attended. 'It was,' she admits generously, 'more my fault than anyone else's. Double-barrelled

weekend I woke up and thought, "What on earth am I doing getting blisters on my feet when all I'm really looking forward to is a quiet kiss and cuddle at the end of it" – and most of the time we were both too pooped even to do that! So I hung up my walking boots the same day. Now I get my exercise at the swimming baths or discotheques – there isn't so much fresh air but it's a lot more fun!' Birmingham is her current home – in the leafy suburb of Edgbaston – 'It's so close to the centre but it's as quiet as living in the country. I'm very lucky to have got somewhere there.' No boyfriends? 'Men think because I'm lively I'm easy to get off with, but I'm not at all. I like to choose my men very very carefully. But when I've made up my mind then watch out!'

names weren't very common where I grew up. If I'd been a shrinking violet and kept quiet about it I probably wouldn't have been noticed. But I never have been able to keep quiet for very long, so in the end I got used to people saying "Parks?" and it stuck.' A beaming smile. 'At least people remember me!' Parks was born within sight of the Yorkshire dales where she spent long childhood hours pony-trekking, bicycling and generally enjoying an active outdoor life. She grins at the thought now. 'I've changed so completely in the last couple of years; I don't feel the same person at all. I remember the first boys I went out with were all terribly outdoor, mountain-climbing types. One boy I knew, who was eighteen, had been rock climbing with Joe Brown and I thought that was fantastic. I was really in awe of him. We used to go mountain-walking at the weekends, with rucksacks and big boots – the lot. Then one

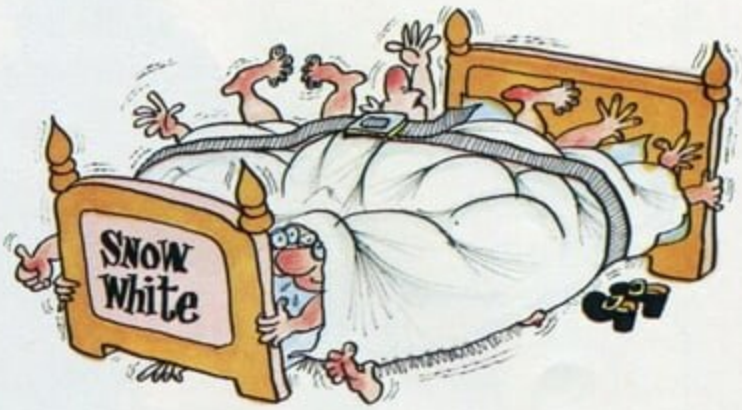
ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 22

I shall bind white violets
narcissi
myrtles
sweet crocuses
purple hyacinths
passion coloured roses
into her hair,
so that the flowers may rain over her
head and tangle, clinging, all over her.

original by Meleager
(1st Century BC Greek poet.
One of the first great collectors
of epigrams, he was an outstanding
epigrammist himself. Some 130
of his have survived.)

. . . Or playing safe at home.



It's important that tiny tots become safety belters . .

. . . Although this one is said to be the safest belt in the village!

Of course there are mishaps – Jock's strap is far too tight!

And many still say you can't beat the oldest seat belt of all!

But fortunately there are very few crap belts on the market!

BELT UP–IT'S LEGAL

Cartoonist Peter Maddocks suggests some implications of the proposed seat belt law that might not have occurred to the Government

Ride in comfort with a good safety belt!

Everyone should be a true believer in safety . . .

. . . Especially when they're belting up the M1.

CAROL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

'Who does not know the famous Swan ?' asked the poet William Wordsworth in his poem 'The Waggoner'. No, he wasn't talking about a bird, female or feathered, but about a pub near the village of Grasmere in the Lake District. Our 22-year-old centre-girl Carol Challoner knows about the Swan, though, as she lives in nearby Keswick and often makes the short drive

to sample the pub's unique atmosphere of an evening 'It's especially nice in winter,' maintains 36–24–36, 5 feet 5 inch Carol, 'as they have a roaring log fire which you can sit round with your drinks. In summer it can get a bit crowded, especially with all of the

tourists and hikers. That's when you've really got to *know* the area to get away from the crowds. Round Thirlmere for instance there's a very small and easy-to-miss road which never seems to get that crowded, or if you're energetic and fancy a bit of a walk, you can find some really deserted spots round Derwent Water and Buttermere. Scafell Pike's great too – you get this fantastic view from the top. Or so I'm told anyway – whenever I've gone up low cloud seems to come down and you end up by not being able to see a thing! Still, I generally end up consoling myself by working my way through a jar of Cumberland Rum Butter on biscuits. Have you tried it? Very spare-tyre making! Actually we seem to be food-mad up here – Cumberland sausages, mint cakes and stuff like that. I can't think why – maybe you need fuel for all that walking. Personally I'm very lazy, though I enjoy it when I *do* get out.' Carol laughs. 'That sounds a bit ambiguous, doesn't it? I'm in fact talking about walking, not the other.' A pause. 'Though I do like *that* too!'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/CAROL CHALLONER

PHILIPPA

Twenty-one year old Philippa Walsh is the type of girl men dream about: soft, pliable in temperament, able to adapt to the moods of her company of the moment and at the same time with that intangible dream quality, and distinctly feminine with it. She's a girl for lingering summer woodland strolls, for a round of croquet on the front lawns or a set of tennis at a private court, or, indeed, a laze by the pool with plenty of fresh orange juice close at hand. Philippa, 36–22–36 and with long auburn hair, is a girl untroubled by the more hectic, bustling world around her. 'I love delicate things, clothes especially, all satin and lace. Sometimes I think I should have been born 90 years ago . . . today, looking back, it seems to have been a much more dignified, more sophisticated age. Then there was a real art to living,' she sighs. Philippa's firm and hard-nippled breasts, without their usual support, still admirably swell the front of her top. 'I thought that just today I

would go without a bra. I thought you'd be more inspired,' she teases. 'The trouble is that when I do my nipples get excited by rubbing on my clothing and they become obscene.' Never. 'I do think that I have a nice body, though. Well, that's what people keep telling me. I would like my breasts to be fuller, not bigger. My boyfriends, well, one of them, keeps telling me that I have the most beautiful bottom that he's seen. I'd never looked on bottoms as erotic objects, before. They are soft and very curvy. Is that why men like them? I used to look at the occasional man's magazine, usually in the local newsagent, and compare bodies. You should have seen the looks I got. I eventually thought that as my body was as good as theirs, why shouldn't I pose for *Mayfair*, and here I am.'

At present Philippa has several boyfriends who don't seem to mind her shared attention. 'Some are a bit brash, what I'd call lady-killers. Others are softer and prefer a quieter pace. It's

nice to have a selection. They seem to accept it and it fits in perfectly with my personality. Similar? Only in that they can make me laugh . . . a sense of humour is so important to a relationship, don't you think? Oh that reminds me. One night I stayed the night with one of my boyfriends. He had a basement flat in Forest Hill, and he had a friend living in the flat above. It was an old house and the basement used to be the servants' quarters and there was a staircase linking both flats. We woke at about nine o'clock in the morning and began making love – it's the best time to do it – when his friend from the flat came down with the milk. The door wasn't locked but he called out "are you up?" Roger just replied "sort of. It all depends." I thought that the funniest thing ever and broke out laughing. I fell off the bed and wet myself.' Philippa is leaving home this summer to take over the management of a small private gallery in Provence. 'It's a friend of my father's who owns it. I've always wanted to live in France, too. Will you miss me?' Will we!

Suzy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PIRAN MURPHY

If your own particular turn-on happens to centre around tall, slim, green-eyed blondes, then 27-year-old Suzy Corby is a girl very much for you. Suzy is 5 feet 8 inches tall, measures 34B–24–35, has eyes that shine like emeralds in sunlight and hair with the lustre of fine gold. She was born in Hove down on the south coast and took a Fine Arts Course at Guildford Art School. 'I was rotten at

school and always coming third from bottom, so I didn't get any O or A levels – or anything!' says Suzy. 'When I left Art School, I started modelling and landed a few bit-parts in films. On the modelling front, I appeared in a Firestone Tyre calendar and also a Freeman's Mail Order catalogue. I also did some test-shots for Playtex bras, but never actually ended up on a packet. Instead of the face that launched a thousand ships, it could have been the bra that held a thousand . . . I'll have another scotch please. I don't as a rule drink at lunchtime because at the moment I'm working for a large fashion house in the West End as a model and I don't think they'd take too kindly to me weaving along the catwalk! Anyway, I was telling you about the films I've been in. There was *Bedazzled* with Peter Cook and Dudley Moore; *The Jokers* with Oliver Reed and Michael Crawford; and *The Games* with Michael Crawford again and Ryan O'Neal. They were only bit-parts, you know, blink and I'm gone.' Suzy currently lives on the fringes of London near

Hampton Court – this photo-set was taken in her own flat. 'The chess set in the picture isn't just for decoration,' says Suzy. 'It's my own set and I do play. As for the fur boots, I actually made them myself if you can believe that! I rescued the heel and sole from an old pair of boots and sort of joined them up with some fur.' She grins. 'Men seem to find them quite a turn-on, so I'm pleased if it turns the right sort of man on. I do like equality in a relationship, but by the same token, I think that someone should have the final say on important decisions. I like them being made for me. I'm a Libra, and I generally *am* fairly well-balanced – but sometimes I tip! Then POW! I find my latest hobby very therapeutic though. I pot. You know, slinging a lump of clay onto a wheel and making a lopsided vase. That's great fun. I like making things in general. Creativity, that's the word – as long as I don't create havoc!'

CARRIE

A gypsy foretells a sexy change in Carrie's fortune